

Fascinate

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11547708) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11547708>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter pre-slash
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Jack Crawford , Alana Bloom , Francis Dolarhyde
Additional Tags:	Cannibalism , Alternate Universe - Supernatural Elements , Abduction , Captivity , Injury , Serial Killers
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Creature Care and Feeding
Stats:	Published: 2017-07-19 Words: 5,036 Chapters: 1/1

Fascinate

by [twilight_shades](#)

Summary

Will's a banshee and he knows what human flesh tastes like.

Notes

Disclaimer: Do not own. Complete fiction.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Will's not paying a lot of attention, at first. He doesn't want to be here, at Hannibal's dinner party, even with Jack and Alana in attendance. He doesn't want to have to deal with anyone after a long day of thinking about (being) killers. He wants to be at home with his dogs and recharge. He doesn't want to keep up the façade he shows most of the world. So, he's mostly detached and not taking note of the food until he takes a bite. He nearly whips his head up in shock at the taste. Instead, he slowly, carefully looks up at Hannibal, wondering if he's been found out. Hannibal doesn't look triumphant, like he's caught Will out. He's not actually looking at Will at all. But he does look smug, self-satisfied, like he's gloating over knowledge no one else has. He also looks like he's really enjoying his meal. Of human flesh.

Will's tasted it before, of course. Banshees aren't much for it, but lots of fae adhere to the practice of serving up, as a part of a feast, a being killed in self-defense or in defense of others. It is seen as a coup de grace and is generally reserved for particularly vicious beings who wish to ensnare or enslave or hurt (many of which are human). Will's been invited to many a feast, only a few of which were hosted by fellow banshees. Most banshees, like himself, let it be dealt with by either the human authorities or one of the Numinous Councils (Will thinks the name is a little absurd, but most of the human world, those not in the know, just seem to automatically accept the non-supernatural definition of the word).

Will blinks, trying to puzzle Hannibal's enjoyment out. Many humans who resort to cannibalism do it for the symbolism or the taboo of it, though some do seem to develop a taste for it. It is far more common for a supernatural being to derive this much pleasure eating humans. Humans that truly and fully develop a taste for human flesh almost inevitably become wendigos. And this doesn't seem new. Maybe Will's missed something. He takes a deep surreptitious breath. Hannibal is human. No, wait, there, the barest hint. Hannibal could become a wendigo.

Something snaps into place in Will's mind. The creature that stalks through his dreams – it is a representation of that which lurks in Hannibal. With that, all the pieces begin to line up in Will's thoughts. Hannibal is the Chesapeake Ripper and he's killed far more than the victims he's put on display. Though, if he's been killing and eating for such a long time, why isn't he a wendigo already? Maybe something in his bloodline, something that would resist that change? It couldn't be too far back. Not a parent, Will would be able to tell, but a grandparent could be a possibility.

Now, Will has to decide what to do with Hannibal. There's no real decision about who he'll let handle it. He's still human and his crimes are against humans, so it will be human authorities. He will let the Central East Coast Numinous Council know, as a courtesy. Of course, even if he was a wendigo, it would still probably be left up to Will's discretion. As one of the most powerful banshees in the area, his regional Numinous Council doesn't often go against his recommendations and frequently lets the final decision rest with him, though they expect to be informed beforehand on any conspicuous supernatural issues.

But how to bring this in? He doesn't think that just going to Crawford quite fits the somewhat fragile psyche of the human persona he's adopted. Will is at much more of an even keel than he projects. It's a banshee's lot to be around death, though his abilities are somewhat unusual, even for banshees. Most banshees have a predominant strength in their abilities in one of

three areas: detecting death after it has occurred, predicting death, or sensing death as it happens. Will's is detecting death, and while most banshees with that strength can get some impressions about the death, not many can actually feel what he does and he doesn't think anyone else who can does it with the same intensity. Though there is a banshee out there that he's talked to with a strength in predicting death who's abilities are about on par with his. The more powerful of their kind tend to keep track of each other and most of them work in and around law enforcement (some out of a sense of duty, some for convenience, and some so as not to seem suspicious).

No, he thinks Crawford really won't want to believe him. And he understands that. He'll have to plant a seed of doubt tonight and let that sit. Then tomorrow, he can leave a rather incoherent message on Crawford's phone as if he's just figured it out and tell Crawford he's going to confront Lecter. Crawford will come to the house whether he believes Will or not (he should be having doubts about Lecter by then). Will's pretty sure Hannibal will attack him – Hannibal's got a temper and he's not as clear thinking when he doesn't have a plan. Will is going to have to time it well. If Hannibal injures him badly enough, maybe Will can convince Crawford that it would be good if Lecter believes Will has died from his injuries. Will can get the sabbatical he sorely needs (he may not be the just-holding-it-together human he pretends to be, but he has been working for the FBI and the Council non-stop for quite a while). Will has no illusions that his being alive will remain secret, but if he's lucky, the pretense will hold for quite a few months. He gives a tight smile to Alana as she glances over at him and sighs internally when he thinks about how much it is going to suck to repress his quicker healing in order for this plan to work.

Will studies Hannibal, going through scenarios in his head. Deciding what he should say, how he should play it. He realizes that his hands have fisted up and he's clenching his jaw. He consciously relaxes, sure that anyone who observes him will attribute his behavior to his discomfort in social situations. He shouldn't let anyone see how angry he's just become aware that he is. He'd liked Hannibal. Will had considered him a friend – he wouldn't have come to this damn thing if he hadn't. Will'd liked talking to him, even if it hadn't been as necessary as Will had made it appear. Maybe he shouldn't be that angry. After all, Will's been keeping plenty of secrets of his own, fundamental things about who he is. Will idly wonders if Hannibal ever gets tired of not showing the world exactly who and what he is. Will knows that he himself finds it exhausting sometimes.

~~~

Will settles into his new hospital bed, where he was just transferred under a different name after staging his "death" at the first one. His wound burns and his thoughts are more troubled than he had anticipated. There was a moment there when he thought that Hannibal was going to go far enough to actually kill him right there. It was always a risk with this plan, one Will had thought he'd accepted. But it had been different, looking into Hannibal's eyes, believing he might die. Will had always anticipated his dying being rather easy, whether natural or not. Death has been a constant companion to him after all, not something he'd thought he would fear. He does, though. And he will fight against it. Maybe some day there will be calm acceptance, but not now and probably not any time soon.

Will feels like he should call and check on things. He can't, of course. As of his "death", he is cut off from his old life. And everything should be taken care of. His dogs were the real wrench, almost making him rethink the whole "death" thing, but Alana had promised good homes for them. The FBI has seven supernatural beings (five agents, two new recruits) who should be more than capable of taking care of that side of things along with the Council. Hannibal will stand trial and the evidence is plentiful. They made sure Will's "death" fit into a legal loophole so it makes sense that the DA, who is in the know, is only charging Hannibal with Will's attempted murder. They don't want Hannibal getting off on a technicality if (when) Will's being alive comes to light. Of course, they are charging him with thirteen separate counts of murder – only the ones they could definitively tie to the Chesapeake Ripper or match DNA with what was found in his house. Will thinks the number is actually at least twice that. Ah, well, not his problem anymore.

~~~~

It's been a pretty good day for Sam Brill. The Florida Keys make a nice, isolated place to relax. He's been careful not to have too many of the same habits as before. He fishes (because many in the area do and he doesn't want to stand out), though not the same way. He doesn't have any dogs and that's been really hard (he misses his dogs). There is a raccoon and a family of marsh rabbits he sometimes gives scraps to – he just can't seem to help himself. The name is a little weird, but Sam sounds enough like Graham and Brill sounds enough like Will that he reflexively reacts, which was the point. It's been good for Will, being down here. He's been able to rest, de-stress. Of course, not having to playact being a person on the edge of a nervous breakdown kind of helped. Also, not having to be around a population center with its inevitable death rate has also helped. A few people in the area have died, but he's been able to mostly disregard their deaths. He's also been getting more sleep, though the last few nights he's been plagued with dreams about a dragon.

Will drives back to his ramshackle house on the beach after picking up some things from the grocery store to go with the fish he's caught. It's getting dark, the stars starting to show as he gets his cooler out of the car. He sets it on the porch as he unlocks the door. It's as he's turning the knob that he feels it. Someone (something?) is in his house. And he can only sense it so well because whoever (whatever) it is brings an aura of death. He gets the knife that he takes fishing out of its sheath and goes into the house. It's only because he's expecting it that the blitz attack doesn't stun him. He gives a solid jab and cuts a serious gash before his attacker backs off. Will gets a slice to his left arm in the struggle – his attacker has something sharp too. It's dark in the house and he can only sort of see the shape of his attacker. For a second, in the shadows, it looks like his attacker has wings and Will realizes this is the dragon from his dreams. Will backs into his office and locks the door. His attacker throws himself up against the door. The door won't last long. But it holds long enough for Will to get into his lockbox and get his gun out. The door breaks and Will shoots. His attacker keeps coming, not even seeming to notice the bullet in his chest as he swings his weapon at Will and slashes his right shoulder and chest.

His attacker then steps back a little and says, "He sent me here. To finish what he couldn't. I will change you and he will help me," and the words sound a little thick, a little slurred.

Will thinks that though he looks human, he's maybe part wyvern (actual dragons have been extinct for quite a while but there are a few dragon-like beings out there), which is strange because he didn't think they mixed with humans at all. It's also alarming because wyvern are strong as hell and it looks like maybe human-wyvern hybrids are too. Will fires his gun again but his attacker keeps coming, so he keeps firing. His attacker finally falls and doesn't get back up again.

~~~

Will checks into a hotel hours later. He had gotten patched up, then spent hours talking to the police. He had revealed his real name since his attacker had been sent by Hannibal and there was no real reason to keep it secret any more. The man (being?), Francis Dolarhyde, had died just after getting to the hospital. After Will called 911, but before anyone got there, Will had found out that Dolarhyde hadn't known anything about being a wyvern, had genuinely believed he was becoming a dragon. That explained the dreams. After the police and emergency services had arrived, Dolarhyde had announced to everyone at the scene before he was loaded into the ambulance that he was the Red Dragon and that they had called him the Tooth Fairy, but they were wrong and now everyone would see. Will had found out about the Tooth Fairy and the families Dolarhyde had killed while talking to the police.

Will's house is a crime scene. He has to delay his healing, again. Will Graham is alive, again. Hannibal wants him dead, again. God, Will is tired. He checks his phone as he heads up to his room. There are a lot of calls from Crawford, a little too late if he was calling to warn Will about Dolarhyde. Will listens to Crawford's frantic message and feels the dread pool in his stomach. Apparently, Hannibal has escaped. Will gets to his room and opens it, wondering if he should just head back to the police station. Will's slammed into from behind by someone, pushing him into the room, heavy door shutting behind them. A heavy cloth is pressed over his mouth and he's breathing in before he can help it. With the fight and the wounds and the long hours of talking to the police, he can barely begin to struggle before he succumbs. He thinks he feels fingers in his hair just before he can't feel anything.

~~~

Will doesn't want to wake up. Because there's only one reason he can think of as to why he's still alive – Hannibal wants to draw out his death. Unless, of course, he's sent another Goddamn serial killer after Will. Will finally opens his eyes. And he's alone, in a massive bed, with a heavy bed frame. Will looks at it and realizes it's a wrought iron frame. Does Hannibal know? Will moves a little further towards the middle of the bed and feels something pull at his left ankle. He flips the sheets back and find that there is a shackle around his ankle with a chain attached to the frame at the foot of the bed. The shackle and chain are metal, but not iron. So, he probably doesn't know. And really, if Will was a hundred percent, unless the iron was touching him or impaling him, it probably wouldn't do anything. But this much around him when he's already weak is not good, though if iron were in the shackle and chain he would be in real trouble. He pulls at the chain and nothing. Banshees aren't the strongest fae, but they do tend to be stronger than humans. He tests the chain again and it's very strong, he may not be able to do anything even if he's at his best.

Will suddenly realizes he's wearing silver-colored silk pajamas. And his wounds have been redressed. He looks around the cavernous room. It's all dark wood paneling, heavy brocade curtains over the windows, and polished dark wood floors, though there's a large rug underneath the bed. There's a wardrobe and dresser on the wall opposite the bed. Will's not sure his chain would let him reach them. There's a door near the wardrobe that he's guessing leads out to a hall. There's also a door on wall near the left side of the bed. Will gets up out of the bed and nearly falls from a dizzy spell. When he recovers he goes over to the door and, as the sound of the chain dragging on the floor grates against his ears, opens it. It's a bathroom – sink, toilet, toilet paper, shower. Nothing else, no towels, no toiletries, nothing that could be used as a weapon. The chain reaches far enough that he can stand in the shower. He looks down at the chain, but it's not very heavy, probably an alloy. He could maybe use it as a weapon, but it would be a long shot. Will turns on the sink and drinks some water in a cupped hand.

Will goes back to the bed, pausing to look at the rug. The rug appears to depict the story of Gilgamesh. Will climbs back into bed and pulls the sheets (heavy, slippery, dark red) and cover (heavy fabric, dark red and gray paisley) back up. Yeah, Will is pretty sure this is all Hannibal.

~~~~

Will wakes up to find Hannibal leaning against the dresser, watching him. He doesn't say anything as Will gets out of the bed and walks over to him, the sound of the chain loud in the silence. All Hannibal does is straighten up and mirror Will's body language. Will was right, the chain won't let him reach the dresser or the wardrobe, in fact, even if he stretched, he would probably come just short of Hannibal where he's standing.

“So, no food? Waiting to make *me* dinner?” Will asks snidely.

“Now, Will, don't be rude,” Hannibal says mildly.

“Don't like rudeness? Well, I consider it rude to, oh, I don't know, try to kill someone for figuring out the truth.”

Hannibal's bland expression twitches minutely before going blank again. There's something there. Being able to sense the methods of deaths means Will has become very good at sussing out the motives behind them, and, if he focuses, the motives behind other behaviors, too. And he's not seeing the whole picture here, yet.

Hannibal cocks his head slightly and says, “Yes, I suppose that was rude.” His mouth goes thin and grim, his eyes narrow, and his tone sharpens as he says, “Much like allowing someone to believe that you are dead for months on end.”

Hannibal's definitely angry, but there's something else lurking beyond that Will can't quite grasp. Will has always had the need to figure out puzzles that catch his attention. He doesn't have quite enough pieces. Will had thought it was all about killing him, but now, that just doesn't seem to fit. So Will tries to stir another reaction. “Or, say, sending another serial killer to finish the job you couldn't?”

Hannibal's eyes flash and his jaw clenches. "He wasn't-" Hannibal cuts himself off and takes a breath, regaining his composure. He inclines his head and says agreeably, "Yes, terribly rude."

But Will's caught hold. "He wasn't supposed to kill me, was he? You sent him after me, but not for that. Why then?" Will looks at Hannibal as he thinks aloud, looking for every tiny tell in his face, in the way he holds himself. "To check, see if I really was alive?" Will studies Hannibal, who suddenly doesn't seem at all inscrutable. "Yes. To... bring me back. *Lure* me back. He was supposed to kill another family, and what? Oh, I bet he was to make it clear that you were in contact with him and that you knew about me. So, then I would come back and try to find him by talking to you." Will can feel that he's right. "You wanted to see me for yourself." Will blinks as something occurs to him, "You escaped because you realized what he was going to do. You came down to stop him."

Hannibal smiles faintly. "You are quite clever. And, fortunately, very resourceful as I was not swift enough to get to him before he struck."

Will thinks of Dolarhyde dying after getting to the hospital and asks, "And after?"

"You are *very* clever," Hannibal says, looking almost fond.

Something else slots into place. "You were upset when you thought you had killed me." Will's eyes go wide with realization as he says, "You didn't want me dead. You sometimes react badly when things don't go to plan and violence is almost instinctual for you. It shocked you that I had figured it out."

Hannibal looks at him keenly. "Your mind is remarkable, Will. Yes, I was shocked. I had thought you a worthy adversary, but you were more formidable than I had expected. I regretted it when I thought I had killed you. Regret is not something I often feel."

"So, you don't want me dead. Why am I here then?" Will tilts his head and asks sarcastically, "You're fascinated by me and you want to keep me?"

"I wanted to see you for myself. Make sure you were as well as can be expected. But you are exceptionally fascinating," Hannibal says, looking at Will contemplatively. He takes a few steps and is in Will's space, inhaling deeply before stepping back. It happens so quickly, Will doesn't even think to react until he's out of reach again. Hannibal looks pleased. "Fascinating," he says again. "I'll go prepare your meal. Don't worry, nobody you know." He leaves the room.

Will shakes his head, so many thoughts fighting for dominance. Has Hannibal really had time to kill and butcher someone? Did Will really just give Hannibal the idea to keep him? Would Hannibal be more or less fascinated if he knew what Will was?

~~~

The meal turns out to be vegetarian, as do the ones following it. Will suspects Hannibal isn't entirely sure how Will would react to anything that could possibly be human. To be fair, Will isn't sure himself – he would be able to tell, but that doesn't mean he wants Hannibal to

know that. And honestly, if it was his only choice, he would probably eat it to gain his strength back. Of course, he'd probably have to make a show of being suspicious. But he's almost to full strength again, even though being around bare iron has been fucking with him.

He plans his escape. He debates killing Hannibal, but he thinks that Hannibal has grown too strong to be dispatched easily and Will is just not sure he's up the challenge at this point. He thinks that after he gets away, he will let the Council deal with it. They'll probably send someone to kill Hannibal. It's a bit of a shame, really, he's an unusual and clever creature. Ah, well. Time to go.

~~~~

Will is running flat out, the moonless night's darkness pressing close. He had underestimated Hannibal, who was after him before he'd made it to the wooded area at the edge of the elaborate back gardens. His abilities are the only thing keeping him out of Hannibal's grasp. Hannibal is very fast and stealthy and powerful, but he's very recently killed someone and that death is lingering on him, letting Will know where he is. Will wonders if his own senses have gotten more acute or if it was literally the last thing Hannibal had done before giving chase. Will can't run like this forever, though. As soon as he starts to falter, Hannibal is on him. Will loses a Banshee wail from his throat and Hannibal lets go, bringing his hands to cover his ears as he falls to the ground. Will starts running again.

He finds his way to a road and miraculously gets picked up by a kind stranger and taken to a police station. He gets in contact with the FBI and after going over what happened and nauseum, he gets put up at a safe house. Will is not surprised to learn that Hannibal is long gone when law enforcement turns up at the place he kept Will. It's only as Will lies in bed and thinks everything over that he wonders if he should not have used his powers so obviously on Hannibal.

~~~~

Will gets back late to the little place he's been staying in Fort William, Scotland. He's been on Rannoch Moor all day, maybe it's a little cliché, but he rather likes moors. There's nothing he really *has* to do. Though he does end up writing most days. When Crawford had asked what he would be doing, Will had said something about maybe writing a book. It had been more of an excuse than anything else, but he has actually been writing a sort of how-to manual for supernatural beings in law enforcement. He hadn't intended to, he's just gotten a lot of requests for information about how to best interact with humans in that capacity.

There's a knock at the door. He frowns and moves slowly towards it. He doesn't usually get any visitors. He looks out the little glass pane and reels back in shock. It's Hannibal. The Council had said they would deal with him. Did he get away? Possible, but unlikely. Will slowly opens the door.

"Hello, Will," Hannibal says cordially.

"Dr. Lecter," Will says dryly.

Hannibal tsks him and says, “We are too familiar with each other for you to not call me Hannibal.”

“Hmm,” Will says noncommittally.

“Aren’t you going to ask me in?”

“Well, now, it would be rude not to,” Will says sarcastically. He steps back, though, allowing Hannibal to step into the sitting room. Will closes the door after him and gestures him to a seat. Hannibal sits in the stiff, high-backed armchair that Will never sits in because it’s awkward to slouch on. Hannibal sits with perfect posture and seems right at home in the chair. Of course. Will slumps into the soft, worn sofa.

Hannibal sits, silently watching Will for far longer than Will is comfortable with. “It is good to see you, Will. Especially looking so... fit.”

Will looks down at himself, startled. He realizes that this is the first time Hannibal is seeing him without either injury or the veneer of neuroses. “Yes, well...” Will trails off, not sure what to say to that.

“And for you, Will? Is it good to see me?”

Will hesitates. “It’s... surprising to see you.”

“Yes. The Council mentioned that killing me was an option. One favored by quite a few. However, we were able to come to an amicable agreement.”

“An agreement?”

“As you know, the Council sometimes requires that *our* supernatural brethren be *dealt* with when they step outside certain bounds. Once they inform me of a transgressor, the method and... disposal are left up to me. I may also do whatever I wish with any humans who choose to give themselves over to me or any human I can prove is an unprovoked killer of *our* kind or a serial killer of humans,” Hannibal is smiling widely as he finishes.

Will looks at him. “Your form is still human.”

“Yes, and likely will stay that way. Apparently there is some ghoul in the family bloodline.”

“Ah.” Well, that would explain it. Ghoul never even occurred to Will, it’s been so long since they’ve been around.

“I have learned a great many things about myself and other things since we saw each other last.”

Will nods.

“And, of course, I must thank you.”

Will frowns, “For what?”

“The Council said that you expressed regret about the loss of an intelligent and interesting being such as I. I believe that those words from quite an esteemed and powerful Banshee, who has a worthy reputation and good relationship with the Council, helped to sway them.” Hannibal smile seems to get even wider.

“That’s not- I didn’t-“ Will stops because he’s not sure whether he meant to influence the Council or not, now. He blows out a breath. “I suppose that I did not actually want you dead.”

The smile Hannibal gives him is smaller, but deeper somehow.

“But that doesn’t mean that I forgive you for all that you’ve done to me, both directly and indirectly.”

Hannibal looks contemplative. “Then I shall have to endeavor to make amends. I would very much like to make amends.”

Will studies him. “Why?”

“As you so eloquently put it, I am fascinated by you.”

“I think that will wear off. You know most of my secrets now. And there are so many others out there that are much more intriguing than me,” Will says, a self-deprecating smile on his lips.

Hannibal cocks his head. “No. I like you, Will. I am not sure that I have ever liked someone as much as I do you. And that is fascinating. Death is a part of you. And that is fascinating. Especially since it is a part of me also, just in a different sense. Your mind works in remarkable ways, irrespective of your gifts. And that is fascinating. I think you will be an endless source of fascination.”

Will twitches a little, not really at ease with such intense appreciation. “Oh.”

Hannibal stands and says, “I will take my leave of you now. Please think about what I have said.”

Will stands too. “Which part?”

“All of it. But mainly, letting me make amends.”

Will walks him to the door. He opens the door. He looks at Hannibal, thinks about his attention, and says, “Okay.”

“You will think about it?”

“Okay, I will let you *try* to make it up to me.”

Hannibal smiles. “Dear Will.” He kisses Will lightly on each of his cheeks and murmurs a goodbye. He slips out the door and closes it behind him.

Will puts a hand to his right cheek as he stares at the door. He's pretty sure Hannibal licked him when he pressed a kiss there. Will wonders what he's let himself in for.

The End

End Notes

I'd never written anything for this show before and this is bizarre, but then so was the show.

Let me know if you find any typos or if the format is messed up or if you think I need any tags.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!